

# When the World's Billionaires Come Knocking by J.M.J

## Chapter 12

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Chapter 12 I Don't Deserve Rebecca?

In the morning, Greyson clicked on the software. As he expected, Vision Technology Company's stock price continued to rise without any fluctuations at all.

It had limited up twice. With ten more times, his goal would be achieved.

Greyson did the math. After this, he would earn about 46 thousand dollars.

It was far from his goal of being incredibly rich. Nowadays, poor guys didn't even have the courage to pull a stunt.

He thought, "That won't do. I need to find a way to get some more money and accumulate more capital as soon as possible.

I'm not going to class today!"

Greyson made the most rebellious decision in his life.

He seldom missed school. Today was an exception.

Seeing that Kent was about to go out, Greyson stopped him and said, "Wait a second."

Kent was tying his shoelaces. "What's up?"

"Nothing. Cover for me when the teacher calls the roll. I'm not going to class today."

"You got Mariana already?"

Kent looked at him in surprise. Then Kent smiled with lust, and any

600%

man would know what his smile implicated.

Obviously, Kent got him wrong. Kent gave him a thumbs-up. "Not bad!!!

Getting out of the dorm, Greyson rode a shared bike downtown and found a lottery shop.

He wanted to go for the scratch lotto, which had fixed results.

He thought, "I can see through everything. Winning 30 thousand dollars or so won't be a problem for me.

I don't want to do this around the school, because if I win, everyone will know about it."

"Boss, get me some scratch-offs."

"Sure. How many?"\*\*

Seeing a customer, the boss was particularly enthusiastic. He even handed over a cigarette to Greyson. "Young man, you are so handsome. I'm sure you can win a big prize."

"Thanks."

He smiled, picked up a dozen scratch-offs, glanced at them casually, and picked out a dozen.

Not wanting to be obvious, he bought a lot on purpose.

"These should do."

He gave the rest to the boss, who politely said, "Alright!

"If you're lucky, buy more. I get a lot of jackpots here."

very

Yet Greyson didn't buy it at all. He knew the boss' words weren't

13.13%

reliable.

Greyson picked up a coin and began to scratch.

“I won a dollar!”

The consolation prize, which was a dollar, could be won by almost anyone. The boss smiled and didn't take it seriously.

“I won 3 dollars this time!”

The boss grinned. “You're so lucky. What did I say? You'll win today for sure.”

The boss was just being polite. Yet soon after, Greyson said, “I won 160 dollars this time!”-

The boss was surprised and gawked at Greyson. “Hey! You're so lucky!”

Greyson smiled and agreed silently. Then under the boss' gaze, he continued, and the next few scratch-offs were no luck.

Soon, there was only one scratch-off left.

“Boss, I won again!”

“OK.”

The boss didn't care at all. Countless people won a dollar or two every day, and he was already numb.

Greyson handed him the scratch-off, and he shivered. His eyes widened in disbelief. He thought, “41 thousand dollars?”

Gosh!”

He wiped his eyes and saw that he was right. It was the biggest prize

26.59%

13:15

that anyone had won in his store.

Excitedly, he returned the scratch-off to Greyson. "You're so lucky. Yet I'm afraid you have to go to the City Lottery Center for this."

Greyson was dumbfounded.

It would be so troublesome.

He thought, "I should skip scratch-offs from now on. If I cash out too much, others will be suspicious."

The boss cashed in on three of his previous awards, which were worth 170 dollars in total. He reluctantly took the scratch-off, went to the City Lottery Center, paid 20% of the income tax, and got 32,800 dollars.

He figured that the money was more or less satisfying.

Yet it was still below his expectations.

Pearce called and said, "Greyson, you didn't come to class today? Both you and Kent were recorded.

"When the teacher called the roll, your name was called, and Kent answered on your behalf, yet Ronnie exposed him, and he got implicated, too."

Greyson thought, "Ronnie, you fuck!

Does Ronnie have a girlfriend now? Perhaps I should do something again this time."

Then he received a call from Aston. "Greyson, do you have a minute? There's something I'm not sure about. Come and take a look at it."

Greyson was speechless for a second.

"Mr. Wallace, are you serious? You're not teasing me, are you?"

“I’m just a college student. How can I help you with that?”

“Don’t be so modest. I know how great you are. You’re an expert.

“Come over and help me. I’ll make sure it’s worth the trip.”

Greyson wanted to turn Aston down at first, but then he realized that Rebecca was dating him, and therefore he should do Aston the favor.

So, he asked, “What is it?”

Aston said, “It’s an ancient jar, which is expensive. I’m not sure, so I want you to take a look.”

Greyson thought for a moment and then said, “OK. I’ll be there right away.”

He was about to ride a shared bike when he saw a red Maserati coming over.

Someone honked the car horn.

Greyson figured that he was in the way. He looked back and was surprised to see Bertha.

She was wearing sunglasses that covered most of her face.

She looked very delicate in the sun, like a big star on TV.

“Where are you going?”

Greyson was stunned.

He thought he had heard her wrong.

He thought, “Is she talking to me?”

No way.

It is rumored that Bertha has never taken the initiative to talk to boys, and there are many self-righteous boys in the school who have been turned down by her.”

Seeing that Greyson froze, Bertha frowned and took off her sunglasses.

Bertha was pretty indeed, which gave her enough confidence to be arrogant.

“Hey! I’m talking to you.

Bertha stared at Greyson angrily. Greyson then asked, “What’s up?”

“Get in the car. I want to talk to you.”

“Just say it here.”

Greyson had no intention of getting in.

He thought, “Bertha, the campus belle, who has never taken the initiative to talk to boys, is now inviting me into her car?

Something is off.”

“If you have anything to say, say it here. I don’t want to be misunderstood again.”

Bertha was mad. “Why are you being such a pussy? Get in!

“Now!”

Perhaps she didn’t want to be seen and gossiped about, yet he was acting foolishly.

She thought, “I just want to apologize to him. What’s he thinking?”

Greyson realized that if they were seen by others, things might get tricky. After all, it was not far from the school, and he might bump into acquaintances here at any moment. If so, he would never be able to clear his name.

He had no choice but to open the door and get in.

Then he was shocked.

Bertha stepped on the accelerator, and the Maserati rushed out like a gust of wind.

For Greyson, apart from the high-speed train, the Maserati was probably the most expensive car he had ever taken.

“What exactly do you want to say?”

“I’ve got things to do.”

After Bertha had driven the car for several hundred meters, Greyson finally couldn’t resist asking.

Bertha glanced at him. “Where are you going to? I’ll give you a ride.”

Greyson wiped a cold sweat and stared at her.

He thought, “Am I dreaming?”

Bertha offers to give me a ride? What is she up to?

What the heck does she want?

I’m just a poor student. We are from two worlds.

We have nothing in common besides we’re from the same school.

Everyone in the school knows Bertha, yet I never want anything to do with her.

If things go on like this, our paths will never cross.

At most, we will be mentioned as schoolmates after years.

That will be all.”

“Where to?”

“Bruno Street,”

Not knowing what she wanted, Greyson told her.

Bertha said nothing and drove to Bruno Street. When Greyson was getting out of the car, she said, "Sorry about last time. Just don't play such boring games again. Rebecca is out of your league."

With that, she drove off, leaving Greyson with doubts.

He thought, "What does she mean?"

Is she saying that I don't deserve Rebecca?"